



SECRET

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

THE WORKER AND HIS WORK.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK, BEFORE THE NEW YORK CHRISTIAN UNION, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 13.

THE earth we live on is to the external senses a vast, stationary plane, diversified by high mountains, deep valleys, and minor inequalities of surface. To the senses *within* the senses—to man on that *higher* plane, which the "eagle's eye hath not seen," and the "lion's whelp hath never trod," it is a *sphere*—a globe with a measured diameter, and a revolving motion.

In the light which reveals to us the whole, its towering mountains and deep ravines dwindle to the insignificance we attach to the inequalities of an egg shell. Could an observer find a stationary point whence to inspect its motion, he would declare it to be on a right line. From that higher point of observation within himself, he knows it to be moving in a circle. To the, body senses it is teraqueous and gaseous—land, and water, and air. To the *soul* senses "these three are one." To the dwellers upon its surface, it is all-consequential; vast, rugged, broken, sharply angular, emitting no light. To a dweller on the nearest planet it is diminutive, but *symmetrical*—luminous, though small. And for apparent consequence, it might be shivered to atoms without being missed by an ordinary telescope, or the grand misfortune to the universe found out for a thousand years to come.

To that vision which is limited by the outside of things, the *human world* is a plane—an inclined plane—inclined the wrong way, downwards, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and ending in a bottomless sea of perdition. Its "dry land" is all up *hill*. Its path of safety is just that which no man naturally would take, by reason of its thorns, ruggedness, and steep ascents : whilst all roads else are smooth, *down hill*, and fragrant with the breath of flowers. This human world, like the physical, has also its inequalities of surface, its deep valleys and mountain ranges of character and condition—its undulating prairies of moral beauty, and its "dismal swamps," where the air is hot and poisonous, where the adders of vice show their forked tongues, and the night is hideous with their hissing breath. There is the "*Dead Sea*" of inertia, romantically named of some *conservatism*, with its green scum of selfishness, and its bituminous deposits of creeds and parchments, red tape and respectability ;

and there too is the angry ocean of *popular will*, and the thundering Niagara of mob-born passion, whose fearful surges jar the solid fabric of this respectable world from end to end, and threaten destruction and shipwreck to all the parchment, red tape and respectability under the sun. It has earthquakes which swallow nations—tornadoes which sweep whole churches and sects from the face of the earth—floods which threaten ever and anon to submerge the very mountain peaks of conservatism and respectable piety, causing much vexation and no little expense to the “remnant” or “*holy family*” of this living macrocosm, in that it has been steadily employed for the last fourteen hundred years or more in constructing and repairing the ark of safety for *itself*, its four-footed beasts and its creeping things.

Down upon this doomed world, the "windows of heaven" are opened, and for forty days and forty nights it rains without intermission, but with interminable confusion—saviors and destroyers, Bibles and rum, peace and war, freedom and slavery, despotism and democracy, Christianity and infidelity, wisdom and folly, good and evil, light and darkness. Then the windows get themselves closed again, and heaven shows its bright side for a little season. The waters recede, and the olive branch of rightful authority and religious order makes its appearance once more. The saviors are crucified, folly is crowned, rum and religion are in the ascendant, liberty has a hook in her nose, the ark runs aground, the saints go about repairing damages against the next shower, and the sinners go about—their business.

More intricate than Egyptian labyrinth, more difficult to thread without a guide, these surface inequalities and windings of this human world. Like that seventh wonder built by old Psammetichus on the banks of Nile, which had above it God's fair daylight, and beneath it his straight forward honest earth ; its intricacies and windings, its obscurities and inequalities are all on the surface, where man has worked to *puzzle himself*. History has been so kind as to inform us, how that patient old mole Psammetichus contrived to burrow one thousand private mansions of great splendor, and twelve royal palaces, within one continuous wall, having but a single exit, from which, that the seeker might the better find it, he carefully excluded the light of day by covering the whole structure with marble. We have improved upon him. For the thousand houses and twelve royal palaces, from which he, with labored ingenuity, contrived to exclude the light, we have thousands upon thousands of Psammetichuses, who make each a labyrinth for himself, by simply *shutting his eyes*. The modern improvements in *machinery* have enabled us to defy all competition in the manufacture of labyrinths which ingeniously shut the man in, and the light out.

Consider the heart-sorrows of an honest worker—a man with
thews and sinews in him, bent on achieving for himself and for
the world the salvation which *is of work*—threading this modern
labyrinth, this *covered way* of theological and social endeavor.
That earnest human soul would gladly work—he feels that there
is ability in him. All men would work, and do. He would

work efficiently—with a result. He would have the stone that he is set to turn, grind an axe, or at least put an edge upon a pair of scissors for himself or some needy mortal. Work, which is seen to be productive of somewhat, is attractive to all living men. The human life-question is, What to do? "Uttered or unexpressed," this is its universal prayer:—*Show me my work!* But in that labyrinth, thatched with books, and creeds, and parchments, how is he to find the true work—the work which is not only to save himself but his neighbor also? For, true to his instincts, which is all the light he has in this maze of darkness, he feels that he can not altogether achieve greatness for himself, and leave his brother wholly to *littleness*; that when he goes to receive his daily wages, his drafts will not be honored unless his brother is by his side as a sample of his work and a recipient of his blessings.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said Jesus. What does he do, and *how*? that is the question. To work for the same end *with* God, like God, what can be more desirable? Where is the nobility to match that? The Infinite worker and the finite worker in the field together, laboring in joyous accord; the one molding universes and the other atoms to the same great use—the one high purpose. Father and son linked together in sweet communion and unbroken confidence. No shovel-batted biped to thrust his bespangled toggery between them. No Psammethichus, with marble slabs of labyrinthine creeds, to hide from him the light of his Father's love.

When we compare this worker in the *light*, with that other in the *dark* (for that is all the difference between them), we learn the absolute necessity of light to all *efficient* work. *Meaning* well is doubtless the natural prelude to *doing* well. There is an exhalation of sweetness from a good intention ; but a man in the dark may tread on *your* corns, or bruise his *own* shins, *meaning* the while to inflict no injury upon either.

The admitted work is, to *save men*. Salvation of some sort, is the animus of all work. How does it prosper with the disciple of Psammetichus? How has he kept his Father's vineyard? On examining his ledger—his debt and credit account of profit and loss—we find, with respect to this vineyard which he set himself to cultivate and to keep, that he has given it a top-dressing of Bibles, tilled it with priests, sprinkled it with water, underdrained it with stone churches, and manured it in the hill with tracts; and for crop, present and prospective, *this*—more rum than religion, more vice than virtue, more crime than justice, more cheating than honesty, more poverty than charity, more slavery than freedom, and continually *more and yet more*. Alas, poor worker! Conceive the burning shame of the man who would *do*, and who feels within him the *power* of doing; finding at the end of his day's work, that he had done nothing but *good intentions*! To pocket his penny, only as a complement to the *sincerity* of him, which simply indicated to his employer how well he *would* have worked had he known *how*—that he is a good boy in the main, though dull—prone to consult last year's *almanac* to find out which way the wind

blows ; willing enough to use the hoe and pruning knife, but just as likely to lop off green branches as dry, the necessary as the superfluous. Feeling it to be a duty, he would just as soon use his hoe in January as in June. Computing time by the old style, he is just *eleven centuries* behind his work ; but a good boy for all that, and as worthy of his penny as he who entered the vineyard at eleven o'clock, and did the work of a thousand years in an hour.

To sweeten labor, work must be *seen* to be efficient. The strange old curse, that man should eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, did not include the condition, direct or implied, that the sweat should be the mother tincture of wormwood and gall ; it was sweetened by a result—*bread*. The worker in the dark labors for a *hope*, and is not wholly cursed. But to do true work, light is necessary. The nature of the work, the proper tools, and the right time ; all these are to be known, that effort may not be wasted.

The human eye and solar light are in harmonic relation ; when that relation is severed, the things of vision disappear. Our Psammethician worker had his Bible, which is a record of what certain efficient workers had done in the same vineyard before his time, which might have been useful to him, had he the light to see it ; but in the dark, it was to him as though it were not.

The most utterly null of all work, is that which *drives at the popular heaven*. As if the chief end of the worker was *first* to secure for himself an eligible mansion in the New Jerusalem, and *then* to convert the remainder of the city into comfortable tenant houses, at a low rent, for the occupancy of his poor neighbors. He learns that it is virtuous to remember the poor, and of course is honorably ambitious to do it—in *this way*. Having converted his Bible into a *thatch* to keep out the light, he could not see that it said, "He who seeks to save his own life shall lose it ;" and hence could not profit by that saying, though all time is a witness to its truth.

Jesus, one day, in conversation with some Jewish neophytes, taking the occasion to observe, "When ye pray, enter into your closet," &c., it has become a piece of futile work to spend all our mornings there. That which Jesus, by precept, and example, made the place of *last resort*, sacredly dedicated to the hour of extremest need, is made the *first*. The prayer therein enacted, as to matter and time, is equitably divided between God and the suppliant—ten minutes to bespattering him with praises, and ten more to beseeching him for blessings by way of reward. Through ignorance, arising from amaurosis, the blessings all around him *are* as nought, and he asks for *more and better*. So did Oliver Twist ; but then he appropriated the last atom of his soup, and polished the dish and spoon with his keenly appreciative lips before he did it. Blessings neglected like milk, become sour. The bread that is not eaten, gets stale and moldy.

The worker whose closet is not consecrated to the hour of his utmost need, who enters it as a *duty* instead of a privilege and human franchise, will come out of it *inspired by the boards which shut him in* ! What a wooden meal is that for a working man ! But it is the law. The very heathen gods knew better, and their worshippers saw and did better. That old Greek wagoner, with his wheels in the mud, got an inkling of the *secrets of the universe* which made him a wiser man. Help was at hand, when his *own* shoulder was at the wheel. The blessing of additional strength was ready and waiting for him, the moment he had duly honored that already conferred. The blessing was to the *work*, not to the prayer. The prayer was *peritilly*, not piety ; it was nasal and solemn doubtless, but the gods cut it short.

The dramatic doer of daily prayer, (and all periodical running to the closet is more or less dramatic), invariably works *backward*. He takes up the rail-road and restores the post-coach. The primal forest is holier and better than the grain fields of modern civilization, and his work is to restore it. "The golden age" was not desecrated by *golden wheat*. When a coterpaneous worker has finally gotten some ridiculous old dogma quietly into its grave, he piously and laboriously unearths it again, and restores it to the old niche in the creed which it disgraced, and bids all men to honor it as a miraculous resurrection of—*dry bones*.

His work is precisely as *wooden* as his inspiration. Reform, with him, means a RETURN TO FORM—the second coming of Christ, is the re-adoption of church creeds ! The highest honor he can pay to his Father, is to cheat himself into the belief that

he is his *slave*, rather than his son. With him, religion and the drama are one and the same thing. To "deny himself," in the absence of a bit of timber, shaped to represent a cross, would be to rob the act of its "saving grace."

Pity that poor worker, for his yoke is hard and his burden heavy. Between his closet and his grave there is no green thing. Consecrating the fossil exuvia of departed errors, is his cheer-fullest employment ; commending them to the religious consideration of living men, his noblest duty.

We have said, to work with God, *like* God, *that* is the thing ; to rejuvenate the old and worn out *tools*, and to work with them like a priest, that is *not* the thing.

With God, like God. The world is amply supplied with a most industrious army of workers, whose mission it is to build *machinery* for the benefit of God—machines which manufacture *WHEREASES* and *RESOLVES*, to help him on in his work—machines to bottle up piety and put the cork in tight, and *scire it down*, so that its chance effervescence may not escape and run to waste. In their estimation, God hates spontaneity as much as nature is said to abhor a vacuum. The worker, to get on well, must be tied hand and foot, and have a ring in his nose.

Man, with them, is not a germ to be developed, but a *brick*, to be pressed into the right shape. He who can make the best patent screw-press, is the best reformer—the most efficient worker. Growth with them is not germinal, but mechanical. Reform is a machine ; to be a true reformer, is to be a machinist, to keep it in repair ; an engineer, to watch its perpetual grinding and pressing. Every company must have a fogleman, every flock a *bell-wether*. The world must know where they are, and what they mean to do. When they worship God, they must first ring a bell. Every thing must be done to their pattern, or not at all.

They have filled the world with machinery, and it all *works*. Hand-power, dog-power, horse-power, steam-power, *gas*. All mechanical powers are put under requisition to drive the huge wheels of the human world. We have machines to put out fires, and machines to extinguish sin—to save property, and to save souls. One converts flax into cloth, and another makes church saints out of the crude material known to commerce as *sinners*—and very capital saints they are too, warranted to wear, and dyed in the wool.

Plans, too—plans of cities and plans of salvation. Schemes—lottery schemes, and schemes of redemption on the lottery principle, with tickets for sale in each, and a grand drawing of blanks and prizes to take place in some foreign country, on some future day, to be announced soon as found out ; certain persons *sure* to get prizes. Plans to elect a President, and plans to get up a revival of religion. Machinery to elevate grain, and machinery to elevate woman. One machine to knock the chains off the slave, and another to rivet them upon the soul. All sorts of workers, and all imaginable *anagorisms* of work—"divineizers" and "humanizers" One starts a "movement," and another plants himself upon the "newness."

Heavens ! what confusion and clatter of machinery ! My brother, let thou and I step aside for a little season and consider it. Let us try to get an insight, if possible, that may lead to its true value and significance. These things are the product of honest workers, and their object is to redeem the world. Our question for present consideration is, can they do it ? or, in other words, shall we too become machinists ?

Let us begin by recalling the facts first noticed, that both the physical and human worlds are not in reality precisely what they *seem* to the external senses. That, to a higher vision, both are more symmetrical than when seen only in part. Consider, O my brother ! if this be true in generals, what must be the inevitable sequence as to particulars ? We learn, by a careful survey of these two worlds, that action culminating in result, wins for itself a different character from that which we would have conferred upon it, before the result is seen. That old world of monsters, both vegetable and animal, existing prior to the deposit of our precious anthracite, would have appeared to any human eye, looking upon them at *that time*, to be the monstrous forms of so many evils. It required an eye familiar with the light of results, to discover that they were so many blessings.

Every trace of evil, whether comical or human, which has in any sense culminated, is seen to be *good*, when viewed in the light of its consequences.

Thus, in the comprehension of the reality, the meaning of the *seeming* grows transparent. The field of the worker is better

defined, and his labor is in light and confidence. When he considers that men are learning every day how to make trees grow better, when he sees that the gardener every year gives us a broader cauliflower, and the pomologist a finer peach, he can by no means doubt, that when Phrenology shares equally with Pomology the public regard, and horticulture is imitated by human culture, the improved manifestation of human growths will be as apparent as is the increase in the size and soundness of cabbages.

Comprehension of the thing to be done, with the way to do it—when the worker has found these, his task is forever easy, and his success is sure. He sows his seed in due season, and though for a time the frost-king may hold it in his icy grasp, he has no impatience, no misgiving ; but like the husbandman, he sports with the winter, and *trusts in God*. Rainy seasons, dry seasons, late seasons or cold seasons—no season can disconcert him. If not favorable to one crop, then for another. Variety of soil, variety of seed, variety of season, how all these do harmonize ; and to the worker, all crops, in their season, are a blessing—his cherries for July, his nuts for January, and his corn for all the year.

The thing to be done—what is that ? The one answer is, *salvation to man*. The worker's task is to get him to Heaven. What is heaven ? What is he to be saved from ? Some idea of the country you propose sending him to, is useful to a judicious expenditure for his outfit. It is the *first* thing to consider. John Bull never carries coal to Newcastle ; no Yankee sends ice to the North Cape. They understand the meaning of "supply and demand." We have "*political* economy, why not *religious* economy as well ? In the end, it would pay better than the other, and capitalists will yet be obliged to turn their attention to it, in order to develop the wealth of nations.

Undoubtedly, if the country named heaven *be* a country, and its name signify the land of *glory hallelujah*, and every new comer be expected to join the choir, his *outfit* should be *musical*. In that *case*, the worker knows just what his work is. His *whole* field of duty is marked out as it *should* be, with the accuracy of a land survey. Tin horns and brass trumpets, fiddle strings, penny whistles and jewsharps, all mean music, and music means the instrumental modulation of *air* ; and his work is, to become an *expert* in that. Know what is *heaven*, and there can be no difficulty as to what is *work*.

He who ordained it, has written upon every round of the ladder that reaches thitherward, that it is *MANHOOD* ! Glory hallelujah is its incidental. *Every* law and fact understood, becomes a *friend*, and makes the comprehending soul happy—does it not ? Conceive of a soul comprehending *all* facts and their laws ; that soul can not be very far from God : and you know the saying, "Where the McGregor is, there is the head of the table."

To develop human babyhood into *manhood*, not into a musician merely—that is the work. God does not use a fiddle-bow eternally—why should we ? A Jewish harlot, we are told, once danced the head off of a man, but it is not in the combined power of stringed instruments to fiddle one on.

In the light of the true definition, the worker learns why the babel towers, builded with so much labor, end in confusion and mere dry rubbish. Why all the ladders men have made wherewith to climb up to heaven, have stood on nothing and landed nowhere ! No more work of this sort, to be done *to-day*. All that nightmare of toil and sweat ended forever !

WHAT AN EMANCIPATION ! Freedom, not alone for three millions of slaves, but for all *future* millions ! Heaven, *manhood*—the door that leads to it, *GROWTH* ! The very thought, to the worker, is like the God-fiat—"Let there be light," and there is light. God wanted it, in the beginning of *his* work ; so does man, that he may work with him ; that is to say, work wisely and well. This *gives* it to him. The grand working plan, as well as the great field of labor, is God's, not his ; and his apprenticeship consists in learning how his Master does his work.

Is not this so ? What is it to be a Jew, but to obey Moses ? or a Christian, but to follow Christ ? or a man, but to imitate God ? Now, did God *chip* the universe into the shape we find it ? Did he go to work like a house carpenter, with a broad axe, and from the wilderness of chaos hew out the sticks wherewith to frame the stars ? Not so. How then, my brother, canst thou expect to *make* a man with timber and a broad axe ? Machinery may make a coat for him good to wear. It may

build a carriage for him to ride in, but the man *himself* must grow.

True worship is true *comprehension*. The religious man is the understanding man. It is impossible to know, and not to *feel*, to see, and not to *love*. Sham worship, no worship: sham knowledge, no knowledge and selfish affection are all of a kind. Worship is not wind; the *love* of the Divine is the flower of our knowledge of him; worship is its *perfume*. Mark how it ascends from the flowers of the field, acceptable to God and man. Observe how this ends all Mecca-journeys, and, on all roads, takes the dried peas out of the shoes of the pilgrim. O, my brother! build the altar of thy worship of truth—*nothing but truth*! It makes all men free, and all things glorious.

What then does all this machinery, with its Babel clatter and din, amount to? In the direction intended, it has not moved the world a single inch. All the world's work has been done *outside of it*. All growth has been in the very teeth of its most deadly opposition. Look for thyself. Jesus was not so much as *born* in "the holy city," and he died before there was any Pope. George Fox is of earlier date than the "discipline" of the Society of Friends, and did somehow contrive to utter a modicum of eternal fact, before there was any "select meeting of ministers and elders" to confer upon him the gracious privilege, or to exercise that other Quakerly attribute of machinery—the taking of it away. John Wesley is not the Methodist Church—he was *before* it. No machine ever yet made a man. No machinery ever entered into the *idea* of a man. Machinery makes its appearance when ideas are forgotten! Who needs a diagram, when he has once learned a principle?

Here is a thing to remember. All the world's workers have been *vagabonds*—out of order, and shunned by all respectable cotemporary folk, every mother's son of them. Did one ever become decent or respectable, from that moment he ceased to work. Also, that the machinery or sect is ever an *after* thought of the *flunkies*, never of the thinker in whose name they baptize it. *His idea* is for *all the world*—not for a limited sect. Jesus of Nazareth was not a deacon in the Presbyterian church; George Fox imagined he had found a truth good for *all* men to know. Any flunky might find a hat, and any other one might worship it. But slouched or shovel-shaped, it is just a *hat*—nothing more, let flunky honor it as he may.

In God's name, my brother, get some *manhood* in thee. Stretch thy limbs; exercise a little. Eat brick-bats—any thing—only *know* that they are brick-bats, and not "holy relics"—take them for just what they are worth. A lump of truth, however large, down with it, if possible; it will do thee good—it is deception alone that chokes thee. Thou canst digest any truth, hard though it be, and grow by it; only know it to be a truth, and *what*. The *knowledge* of truth makes thy manhood. Yon toiling mortal, anxious as thou and I to do somewhat, would not bespangle himself with tinsel, and enact the harlequin by way of worship, did he *know*; he does it precisely because he does *not know*. Religion, worship, as it looks to him, is a thing to be enacted like a play. The perfection of his machinery is the measure of his ignorance. Think of Jesus in the Pope's chair, and the twelve apostles in shovel-hats!

There is this virtue in machinery, however, that it finally disintegrates itself, preparatory to being blown out of the way. From the old tread-mill of Moses, to the newest Unitarianism, its perpetual grind has been to that end and to no other. No more work of that sort is possible, thank God! The worker, from this day forth, is done with machinery! No more creeds to be forged for other men to wear. No more schemes for the salvation of the neighbor, no more articles for other folks to subscribe. The drama no longer flouted in the face of God under the title of worship, but restored to its legitimate sphere and plane of usefulness.

This is the opening prospect before the worker of to-day. Every worker is a prophet, and his work is a prophecy. The prophet may be considered as one who *sees a principle*. A thousand years are as a day to him. The noble Isaiah could look far beyond his nation and his age—beyond to-day even, and see men hammering their swords into plowshares and their spears into instruments for the pruning of vines. He who sees a principle, sees eternal possibilities in the direction of it. Paul could see how victory after victory would adorn the brow of the worker, until his last foe was conquered; and the grim tyrant Death, the destroyer of his peace, through the glorious

victory of *comprehension*, should stand forth forever after, his redeeming angel!

What then? Having done with machinery, has the worker *nothing* to do? Ever as now, and evermore, the efficient worker, the genuine reformer is the *SELF-ORGANIZER*. Is that nothing to do? Utter your truth with lips and life—work enough for any man. Let him who doubts, try the experiment. On the machine principle, a man shall organize a church, a party, a state, with greater ease than he shall organize himself on the *rital* principle. He shall subdue all external antagonisms with greater facility than he can bring his own passions to the footstool of his judgment—his reason to accord with his affections—his wisdom to indorse his love. The model worker, we are told, spent forty days and as many nights of starvation and conflict to subdue *one* devil, and their name is *legion*. Work enough for any life, to organize *oneself*, and the doing of it is efficient work for the world.

Let one modern example suffice. The Spiritualists, of whom it is said, "Their prophet is a *mahogany plank*," without intending it, have contrived nevertheless to do this significant thing—in some degree, to untie the female tongue, and in other respects to set woman free. In this, Spiritualism has done more for her than all her *own* machinery or any other; and the way is that by which all freedom may be achieved. The Spiritualist unchained *her*, by becoming *free himself*. No easy task that, but he secured two objects by it. The one true work did as much for his neighbor as for himself, and as much for the whole race as for either. With no whit of significance womanward in his consciousness at all, the Spiritualist only said in the soul of him, (which is the true place to say it) to man, spirit, angel, devil, "Woman, utter your thought, if you have one; deliver your message, if there be ought to tell me—my ears are open." This willingness to listen, has freed the tongue and unsealed the lips of the whole sex for evermore.

Jesus, in the phraseology of progressive thought, is styled "the great Reformer." True, but have the *little* reformers duly considered his method? Jesus was no evangelical psychologist, bent on proselyting; the truth which he made manifest led to reformation. That was it. That which he uttered, is alive in the world to-day—is reforming the world to-day—its efficiency being more and more apparent. The sayings upon which sects are founded were seemingly chance utterances, arising out of special occasion. Being thirsty, as was natural, he requested of a woman at a certain well-side, a cup of water. Some sixteen hundred years thereafter, the established church of Great Britain, founded upon no God-word whatever, but upon thirty-nine distinct misconceptions of it, was thrown into hysterics through the simple repetition of that well-side conversation by a man in a pair of leather breeches.

The multiplicity of sects in Christendom is demonstrative that Jesus had no such machinery in his mind. Had it been otherwise, the sect would have been the all of Christianity. But the idea of Jesus was universal. His church is not a sect; it is a well of water in every human soul, requiring no "hydraulic rams" or other machinery to bring it up, but, by the law of water, (its fountain being in heaven) it naturally rises thitherward. Possible, as we generally know, for all brooks to do that.

Behold the omnipotence of one man! An efficient worker, in the very dawn of his strength *to-day*, though his body has moldered for two thousand years. His strength is his *truth*. Machine after machine has broken down since his time. The machinery of the *man* did not last, we are told, much beyond thirty years, and was not in effective operation but about three—typical of the destruction of all machinery. But in the *truth* of the man there is perennial youth. No sect, however numerous, can be, at best, more than a one-man power. No sect at the present day, but is infinitely less.

In these days, the strength of the church is the *creed*, and the strength of the state is the *constitution*. These are their motive powers—consider whither they are being carried. Your state, like your church, is a machine; in the beginning, honestly designed to work out a principle. But all men know that it has failed—failed even to work out its constitution, which in its best sense, is but the *echo* of the principle. All *sub-machinery*, too; observe what that is doing. As in the church, so in the state, how many young Samsons, with party and sect—the jaw of an ass and his bray, have essayed to battle for the public weal! But to-day, faith in party, faith in sect—show me the man who puts his trust in these! The machinery of church

and state has, in both instances, so long lost sight of the principle it was originally intended they should manufacture into the bread of life, that the one has gone to work upon its creed, and the other upon its constitution, and is faithfully grinding *them* to powder. *Party!* mark how all honorable men in these days loathe it! With the mere worker in the field of national prosperity, it is but another name for *inefficiency*. *Government!* In behalf of the people whose interests it professes to guard, and whose prosperity it was intended to promote, what says the newspaper editor, (who is not a postmaster) of it, but that its help is ruin, and its fostering care swift destruction to every well-meant enterprise? In the judgment of patriotic editor, no government on the earth has done so much, without in the least intending it, to stultify the energies of its own people, as that which, on the fourths of eighty Junes, we have been wont to hear pronounced the best government under the sun! The faith of patriotic editor is *not* in his Government, nor in party; if he *has* any, it is in *man*, as a living exponent of the truth of God!

These examples, hastily gathered from the living pages of human history, to be seen of all men, do they not indicate, my brother, that it is nearly time for thee and me to have done with machinery?

Resolves and whereases—what did they ever accomplish? A machine which liberates a slave by knocking his master flat, gives freedom to neither. It is but a transfer of authority and subject, while the world remains where it was. Machinery-emanicipation preaches slavery to itself, and to all the world, save the children of Africa; and strictly forbids that any man shall work for *their* good in his own way. The pattern which the prophet saw in the mount of his holy zeal, must be followed to a dot, else no good is possible.

But the worker for *all* freedom, is he who makes *himself* free. The true man is the exponent of *all* truth. To the free, all ways are open, all things are possible. The *blind* man may be led, though it be by a dog; but the *bound* man can go no whither. To work, he must be freed from his chains.

The work of the future is with *principles*, not with machinery; and the field of the worker is *himself*! To put himself in harmonic relation with the principle his prophet eye has seen; to be himself its living exemplification: what work can be nobler or more effective? One man free, one man sober, one man just: is that nothing? Sure prophecy of universal freedom, sobriety and justice.

Observe how all things tend to that. Machinery on every hand grinding sects and parties to powder, leaving nothing of them but the name; and only *that*, because it is too *thin* to grind. The Quaker and the Churchman, the Whig and the Democrat, ground to an infinite flatness, and dried to mummies by the friction: what do they indicate but the speedy end of all such grinding—liberation for themselves and us? In freedom, they will go back and find the *lost idea*, instead of the idolized *founder*, and it may be, add somewhat to it of their own; but while worshipping *him*, they never can.

The knowledge of principles is the destruction of all idols, the lever of all progress—the re-appearance of the son of God! and *this* saith the prophet, is the knowledge which is yet to "cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea." Then put thy hand to the plow in confidence, my brother, and look not back, for the *old* things are done away; *all* things have become *new*, and all is of God.

DRAWING WATER.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

I had drunk with lips unsated,
Where the founts of pleasure burst,
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst.
And I said, "Life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I faint, and thirst, and die.
Spake there then a friend, and brother;
"Rise, and roll the stone away;
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day."
Then I said my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech;
All the wells of God's salvation,
Are too deep for me to reach.
And he answered: "Rise, and labor,
Doubt and idleness are death!
Shape thee out a goodly vessel,
With the strong hand of thy faith."
So I sought and shaped a vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly, there—
And I drew up living water.
With the golden chain of prayer!

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

FOURTEENTH SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE.

Dr. ORTON said: He had a question to propose, and by way of preface, he would make a remark or two on the one introduced by Mrs. Farnham relating to the ante-natal responsibilities. The formation of character depends upon no one thing, but upon all surrounding conditions. The character and habits of the father as well as of the mother make a part of the future history of the child. We see this law illustrated in the life of vegetables. A plant, which, from a superficial observation we might suppose to draw all its nutriment from the earth, is found by demonstration to be supported chiefly from the air. So it is with the human germ. We live not alone upon bread and butter, but upon each other as well. As in the relation of parent and child, which is necessarily very intimate, the offspring receives by influx from both, if the father be immoral, though his habits may be kept secret, this invisible law of intercommunication still operates, and the tender offspring becomes the recipient of the consequences. We are constantly giving off our essential qualities whatever they may be, and effecting for good or ill, to a greater or less extent, the whole universe without us.

His question is this: It is admitted that universal good will—in other words, love or charity—can alone harmonize the world. In what cases and to what extent is the principle applicable, and how far are we as individuals called on to apply it?

Dr. GRAY said: He observed that Mrs. Davis was present, and was probably ready to present her views on the question introduced by herself, with respect to the education of the children of Spiritualists.

Mrs. DAVIS replied, that she had introduced the question for the purpose of receiving light, rather than from the idea of ability to communicate it. At this time she did not feel competent to take a leading part in the discussion of it.

Mr. SWACKHAMER said: The question, or rather subject, suggested by him at the last session, covered both of the preceding as well as every other of which the mind of man can conceive. The subject of subjects is, the evils of life and their remedy.

No one volunteering to grapple with it in its comprehensive aspects, Dr. Orton commenced an attack upon one of its details by a further elucidation of the subject presented in his own question. He said: The point is, how far are we to practice the law of love? In our social relations, shall we retaliate or punish, or shall we forgive? Mr. BARRY, if we may credit newspaper report, has exemplified a nobler principle—the union of kindness and force. He is satisfied from personal experience that this mode is equally applicable to children, and he would extend it to all intercourse, whether moral, social, or commercial, even to the forgiving of debtors.

Mr. QUERE said: He would call the law of love a precept rather than a principle. Were it universal, it would end all progress. We must not look for the laws of nature among these old precepts. Nature carries on her operations by means of attraction and repulsion. Antagonism is essential to harmony.

Dr. GRAY said: He would be glad to hear Mr. Davis on this subject. He would desire Mr. Davis to favor us with a brief statement of what he considers the harmonial philosophy, with a view to its application in the present question.

Mr. DAVIS said: He feared he should make the subject more obscure by any attempt at explanation, compatible with the usual limits of a conference session. He would say in brief, that according to his inspection, philosophy has passed through several phases, or rather, manifested various aspects of philosophical development. At the base he finds the philosophy to be poetical and supernatural. This was succeeded by a philosophy that was physical, embracing commerce, architecture, etc. This in turn was followed by the metaphysical, recognizing spirituality. It reasoned from the surface analogically, through symbols and figures to essences. Then we have the scientific philosophy—the Baconian or inductive method, which begins with effects and reasons from thence to causes. Next in order is the harmonial philosophy, which partakes more of the first and second phases of development with less of the inductive. It commences with causes or essences, and follows them out to their results. It is synthetical, also hospitable, and gathers out of all the others. The inductive is less hospitable. It starts from the surface and insists on travelling inward by the strength of its own head, and often blunders on in the dark. The harmonial philosophy is devoid of all such bigotry. Its disciple is one who is striving to become attuned to the principle of the Divine in the universe, not in one direction merely, but in all.

Dr. GRAY said: No one finds fault with a baby because of its disposition to grasp everything within its reach. It is the instinct of physical growth. The same is true in a spiritual sense. But with spiritual manhood the things of infancy disappear. The spiritual adult sees so many new delights beyond the sphere of selfish gratification, that the latter loses its charms. From thenceforth he ceases to gratify the baby, to make clubs and cacons, etc., for its amusement. Commerce, war, etc., belong to the chapter of infancy, and should be so considered. To act exclusively from fraternal love we must be men, and the action must apply to men.

Dr. GOULD said: the application of the principle of love will depend upon our position with respect to other principles. As, for example, it is held by some modern philosophers that man would be all right, only give him enough to eat. In that case, all love has to do is to supply the race with bread and butter. By others it is said, that sin arises from ignorance. If this be so, then Love's mission is answered when it has supplied the world with school-houses and pedagogues, and in the meantime we are as well off as we can be. He had no sympathy with either of these schools of philosophy.

Mrs. FARNHAM said: It is doubtless necessary that the individual should grow into a comprehension of the law of love before he can apply it understandingly, but he need not wait for others to grow up before attempting its application. In Broadway, not long since, she met a subject of the law of love, in the person of a colored woman who had been a convict under her care while she had charge of the female department of the State Prison at Sing Sing. The condition in which she found her may be gathered from the fact, she was one of the principle actors in a revolt which, on being quelled, entitled her to eighty-five days' solitary confinement on bread and water. She was vicious in all respects—had apparently never known what kindness was—but readily responded to it, and subsequently became her friend. When she met her again, after an interval of twelve years, she was happy to find that she had conducted herself properly, and has a character and respectable position.

There are two sides to the action of kindness. Love does not always mean sugar-candy. But in the Sing Sing prison the word is obsolete, or was in those days. They were constantly reminded never to lose sight of the grand object of the State with respect to prisoners, which is punishment. That was the basic idea, and the course of treatment was in harmony with it. During the first month of her supervision, there were one hundred reports of bad conduct on the part of the convicts, and during the twelvemonth not one; from which she concludes that whenever or wherever we find humanity sufficiently developed to appreciate the law of kindness, it is safe to put it in practice.

Mr. DAVIS hoped we should yet see that evil is a misdirection of something intrinsically good—that the persons have been thrown off the track, and that kindness tends to restore them. If he had an opposite idea, and bestowed upon them the magnetism of his faith in their natural villainy, he should expect them to give him a proxy of it. So of the better faith. From observation and experience, he is convinced that its faithful application to any ten rascals the other faith has created will reform, on an average, seven of the number, while the remaining three might not be reached by it. This appears to be the law. He is not a believer in evil *per se*. Laws have their right, and left hand action, and humanity has its blind side: create the natural equilibrium between the right and left sides of humanity, and the result will be harmony.

Dr. GOULD insists that it is high time we came to an understanding upon this matter. If precept be all that is necessary to reform the world, then we need no government, no law, and no religion; or at least, one religion is as good as another, if not better. At any rate, on this modern hypothesis the Christian religion is false, for that recognizes the willfulness of sin, and distinctly marks out certain misfortunes to be visited on the culprit. But if all that is required is that men should be rightly informed, then we want no religion; in that case the trueavior of the world is the schoolmaster.

Mr. PARTRIDGE thinks it practicable and proper to begin the application of the law at home—in the family. First, let us abolish all fictitious distinctions, and every vestige of feudalism, and have nothing there but equals—no servants. Let us strive to forget the very word. Let us have "help," if we need it. And when we do, let us take care that it is help, not the help to do all, and we do nothing. He had not been much benefited by the colleges of the land, but when a boy, he had read in his spelling-book—never ask another to do for you what you can do as well for yourself. He has found the rule salutary, and is prepared to commend its practice. Then we may improve in our intercourse with our children; when they ask a question (and much may often be learned from the questions of children), do not turn them away in a pet, either real or assumed, as a disguise for our own ignorance. We should teach our children to be deferential and respectful, by practicing those virtues ourselves. The family is the true nursery of reform. How is democracy to maintain its purity, or even its existence, against the practice and daily recognition of aristocracy and class in the family? The servant naturally gravitates into a slave; against the universal pressure of class-precept and example, no other result is possible. Let us dry up the evil at the fountain. Having reformed the family, next let us look at the school. Let us see to it that the public guardians of our children are selected, not as is too generally the case at present, from motives of party or of creed, without the slightest reference to fitness, but by reason of their natural adaptation, literary ability and practical morality. From these we may pass with profit to the institutions of the land. From his connection with some of them, he is satisfied there is great room for improvement in that direction. They are ruled by sect, and are greatly behind the age. As has been remarked, the highest idea of our prisons is to punish, and very naturally, for that is the highest idea of the creed. Then we may reform our commercial relations, and infuse into them more integrity. When we make a bargain, we may abide by it; and if it should not turn out so profitably as we expected, we may learn with profit not to charge our neighbor with dishonesty by way of cloak to our own ignorance or want of industry. Having faithfully applied the law in these particulars, we may next turn our attention to the laws of the land, and blot from the statute-book all the special legislation which corruption and ignorance has placed there. It is time for the State to have done with specialities in favor of church, or of commerce, or of bank. From henceforth, let it be forgetful of sects, and cliques and corporations, reminding only of the needs of humanity.

Adjourned.

B. T. HAYLOCK.

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.—The English correspondent of the Zion's Herald writes:

"Thomas Cooper, the noted skeptic, and author of the 'Purgatory of Sulzides,' has recently become a convert to Christianity; and after having spent thirty years of his life in lecturing and writing against the Bible, he is now striving to make reparation for the mischief he must have done by lecturing in defense of the Sacred Scriptures."

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

ALLEGED CONVERSION FROM SPIRITUALISM.

We are sorry the devotees of the old dispensation can not rest content without obliging us, for truth's sake, to correct their misrepresentations, and expose the bad conduct of their members, while professing to live up to the truth and exalted requirements of the new dispensation. If the popular church will purify its members and elevate the purposes of their lives, it will save the New Church—those who truly live under the new covenant, from much imputed folly and disgrace, and humanity generally from sore discords and distress.—Ed.

FARMINGTON, ILL., June 28, 1858.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE:

I notice that in your paper of June 12, you copy a letter written from this place, and published in the *Congregational Herald* of Chicago, professing to give an account of the conversion of a Spiritualist in this place, and you request some of the friends here to write you what they know about the affair. Your request would have been complied with previous to this time had it not been for the fact that a letter was written about the first of June to B. C. Murray, of Kalamazoo, Michigan (in answer to one from him), giving a true account of the matter, with the request that he should send it to you for publication; but as it seems you have not received it, and may not, I have been requested by several friends to write you, and state as nearly as I can the facts contained in the letter to Mr. Murray.*

The man alluded to in the letter first published in the *Congregational Herald* of Chicago, and afterward copied into several other papers, as having renounced Spiritualism, in this place, is J. P. Mendenhall. He was formerly an Episcopal Methodist; when I first became acquainted with him, about ten years since, he belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist Church of this place, and made some attempts at preaching, but was never very successful in getting hearers or making converts.

Soon after spiritual manifestations made their appearance here, Mr. Mendenhall became interested in them, and in a short time became an enthusiastic convert, and pretended to be a medium. As soon as speaking mediums began to make their appearance in this vicinity, Mr. M. professed to be one, and spoke in public several times, under the influence (as he claimed) of Dr. Adam Clarke, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, and other distinguished Spirits; but I am not aware that any one, even the most credulous among the Spiritualists, ever had any confidence in his pretensions.

Some time after this he gave out that his little daughter, about ten years of age, was a very remarkable writing medium, and he read at some of the public meetings which were being held at the time, several pieces of poetry, which he said had been written by her under spiritual influence. It was soon ascertained by Spiritualists here that some of this "Spiritual Poetry" had previously appeared in print, and it was suspected by some that Mr. Mendenhall copied it all himself, though but little was said about it. You may remember that some time in the summer of 1853, I think it was, one or two pieces of this poetry were published in the *Telegraph*. You may also remember that the editor remarked in a subsequent number of the paper, that the poetry received from J. P. Mendenhall, of Farmington, Ill., was evidently a plagiarism; that it sounded familiar to him when he published it, but he had become satisfied on further investigation that the piece purporting to have been dictated by the Spirit of a murderer, was written by Montgomery. After that time no more of those remarkable spiritual productions appeared, and Mr. M. finally gave up all his pretensions to mediumship, of which he had been through all the different phases and exhibited all the symptoms he had seen manifested by others, such as jerking, dancing, shaking, etc., but it was all done so awkwardly as to lead every one to suspect that his spiritual manifestations were bogus, whatever they might think of others.

During a part of the years 1853 and 1854 public meetings were generally held in this place on Sundays by Spiritualists and others who were investigating the subject, which for a time seemed interesting and profitable, but were finally discontinued on account of the active part taken in them by this Mendenhall, one E. S. Tyler, and one or two other advocates of "Free Love," whose character and conduct were such as to make all sensible persons disgusted with them, and consequently with the meetings.

* We received the letter from Mr. Murray a few days before we received this. We insert this as being the last written statement of Dr. Gregory.

This E. S. Tyler is the same who has made himself somewhat notorious by his operations near Auburn, N. Y., and Berlin Heights, Ohio. I believe he is now in your city, representing himself as a great "Healing Medium." The attempt has lately been made to charge Spiritualism with having made Tyler what he is; but it can be proved by numerous witnesses in this place and Peoria, that he was just as bad a man while preaching for an orthodox church, and making his converts by hundreds, as he is now.

I speak of Mr. Mendenhall in connection with Tyler, not because I consider him as bad a man, but because he appeared to be one of the particular friends and followers of the latter while he lived here, and I am satisfied that he adopted and cherished some of the free love, or more properly free lust, doctrines advocated and practiced by Tyler. The fact of these two men professing to be Spiritualists, has undoubtedly injured the cause more in this place than all other influences combined. For the last two years Mr. M. had led a very reckless and dissolute life, so much so, that by his bad habits and mismanagement of his business affairs, he had run through a handsome little property, and at the time of his being taken sick last March, he was very much reduced, both in point of property and reputation. Is it surprising that under such circumstances he should suffer from intense mental agony and the torments of a guilty conscience?

I was called to see him in consultation with another physician, after he had been sick two or three weeks. His disease was pneumonia, which, at the time I was called in, or soon after, assumed a remittent form, as that disease frequently does in this country in its latter stages. In this case the fever came on with great violence at night, with nearly a complete intermission during the day. It was during one of these exacerbations of fever that he got up from the bed and struck with great violence at his brother and the physician who was with him, Dr. Evans, of this place. As the fever subsided, he became quiet and rational, and remained so during the following day, and conversed freely in regard to his feelings the night previous. He then said that he suffered mostly during the fever from a burning heat of the skin, which seemed to be increased by contact with the bed-clothes, and that was what induced him to throw them off and get up; but he admitted he had been delirious, and did not remember all that had taken place. The next night the fever returned an hour or two later, but with nearly as great violence. He appeared to become delirious as before, and exclaimed, "The flames of hell are scorching me! Send for a preacher, and see if he can't pray me out of this torment." A preacher was sent for, who came in a few minutes, and prayed for him; his brother at the same time applying cold water to cool the fever, which subsided sooner than before, and did not return with any degree of violence. The treatment at this time was that most usually relied on to arrest that form of fever, which seemed to be finally successful. It is true that he gradually but slowly recovered from this time; and it is also true that he professed to be converted about the same time.

I attribute the favorable change which took place in the disease at that time to the anti-periodic medicines administered during the intermission, and the cold water applied during the fever. Others attribute it to the prayers of the clergy. They are welcome to their opinion, and they are also welcome to all the capital they can make out of this case, provided they will adhere to the truth in their statements. It is not true that "all Christian influences were carefully excluded," for it can be proved that one or more of his orthodox friends were in to see him nearly every day during his sickness. He always had his own choice in regard to his attendants, and whenever he expressed a desire to see any clergyman or any of his orthodox friends, they were sent for. All statements to the contrary are unqualifiedly false.

The statements above made in regard to Mr. Mendenhall's character and standing, have not been made from any desire to injure him or his family; and the facts herein contained would never have been made public, had it not been for the efforts lately made by some over-zealous defenders of the orthodox faith to elevate him into the character of a "leader and high priest" among Spiritualists, and to place the whole matter before the public in an improper light. If Mr. Mendenhall himself had merely forsaken his former course of conduct, confessed his sins, and shown a disposition to live a better life, no consistent Spiritualist would have quarreled with him about his theological views, or upbraided him in regard to the past. But since he

denies the truth in regard to his former course of conduct, and endeavors to make out, as he has lately in a public lecture, that all Spiritualists are as bad as he has been, thus attempting to drag honest men and women down to his own level since he can not rise to theirs, we feel it our duty to expose his real character.

It is a little strange, if our orthodox friends are desirous only of arriving at the truth, that they should thus publish this case of Mr. Mendenhall's to the world as conclusive evidence that Spiritualism is a fatal delusion, while they entirely overlook the fact that within a few years past six persons living in or near this place have died in full faith of the Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy of all of them persons of irreproachable moral character, and one of them the mother of this very man. All but one of them had previously been upright and consistent members of the orthodox churches, several of them were sustained during long and painful illness, lasting, in one case, over a year, of most intense suffering, by a firm belief in the ministry of angels, and enjoying almost daily communion with their friends who had gone before them. Some of them finally came to the grave in the full enjoyment of their mental faculties, and did not hesitate to point out to the friends who stood around their dying couch, some of the errors of their former faith, and directed them to the glorious truths of the Harmonial Philosophy. JOHN GREGORY.

The following gentlemen certified to the correctness of the statements contained in my letter to B. C. Murray, which was substantially the same as this, but as I have not time to see them this morning I append their names: J. M. Evans, M. D., one of the attending physicians, E. P. Wilson, James Mason, Samuel Mitchell.

I certify that I was called with Dr. J. Gregory to attend Mr. J. P. Mendenhall, during his illness in March last. The statement in the *Congregational Herald*—"All Christian influences were carefully excluded; efforts were made to extort what was deemed his dying testimony in favor of the sustaining influences of Spiritualism, etc." is false. No such efforts were made. The statements of Dr. Gregory are true, as far as I know of Mr. Mendenhall's character and reputation. ALAMON CLARK.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUTHERN KANSAS.

A correspondent, writing from Allan county, Kansas, sends us for publication in the *Telegraph* the following description of that region, with a view to induce its settlement by a colony of Spiritualists. We condense two communications into one, giving the main particulars, not having room for the articles entire:

While the northern part of Kansas has been often portrayed by the northern press, but comparatively little has been said about the southern, the best and most beautiful part, as any one will admit after seeing both. Therefore I propose to give the readers of the *Telegraph* a minute description of Southern Kansas, its climate, soil, mineral resources, scenery, advantages, &c., with general information to those who wish to emigrate. First, I will describe the climate as it is one hundred miles south of Lawrence, and south of the 38th degree of latitude, and also, in speaking of the soil, &c., I will confine myself mostly to this part.

The climate of Southern Kansas is perhaps almost equal to that of California. To be sure, we have none of those mountain breezes, but we have prairie breezes, which are almost equal. Not a day passes in the summer but that we have a cool breeze from the south, bringing to us pure air, purified by the trees of Texas and the Indian Territory. The wind generally blows quite brisk, even in the hottest weather, bringing in contact with our olfactory "sweet odors from beautiful flowers"—driving off the poisonous vapors arising from the decomposition of vegetable matter. The wind generally rises with the sun, and continues all day, and sometimes all night. The atmosphere is free from many of the gases that are found in it further north, in the Northern States—but the air will be more or less filled with them as the country begins to settle up. Summer is not so very hot, as one would think; the mercury seldom rises higher than 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature keeps at about one standpoint for months. If the thermometer indicates that it is a hot day, a person does not feel it as much as he would in the north, because of the invigorating breezes. In the hottest weather the nights are cool, so cool that a person requires some covering. In the day a large amount of water evaporates, which falls in a heavy dew during the night. There are no fogs of any account. The summers are long, being continued until October. Corn gets ripe if not planted until the tenth of June, and two crops of the York State corn can be grown in a season, and also two crops of the Chinese sugar cane.

Frost seldom appears until the last of October, when every thing is ready to receive it. Winter is usually mild and pleasant, and is confined to its proper months, December, January and

February. It does not freeze to any depth—more than four to six inches. This winter it did not freeze more than four inches. Melon and pumpkin seeds came up this spring that were covered up, ungathered last fall. All through the winter the atmosphere was dry and pure, not heavy or damp. Stock requires but little hay—a ton is enough to a head. Cattle have lived all winter without feeding, picking their own living on the bottoms, where the grass remains green all winter. A person will not be obliged to feed his stock more than three months in a year—not eight.

Here we have two kinds of land, prairie and bottom. The former is the high prairie, and the latter the low prairie, contiguous to the Neosho river and its tributaries. First, I will describe the high prairie. They are gently undulating—just rolling enough for the water to run off. They are not high or low, but just high enough for the wind to move over them freely. There are a few high points (mounds), but these do not injure the scenery; they make it look more romantic. They are a great advantage to the country, for the lime stone on the top of them helps fertilize the land surrounding them. On the sides of these bluffs the soil is of the best quality. There is a variety of soils—black, brown, red, and yellow. There is more clay than sand in all the soils; the brown and red are nearly one-fourth sand, I should think—vegetables grow very fast when planted in it. The black and brown are not so quick, but more lasting. All the soils are what are called a limestone soil, which is the kind to yield grain, crop after crop, without being fertilized.

Lime and sandstone is seen in many places on the prairies, and can very easily be got at for building purposes, grindstones, &c. In many places limestone projects, but not enough to do any hurt. In the little hollows loose limestone abounds. Every man who has a farm will not be far from lime and sandstone. Many, with some trouble, can build a limestone fence on one side of their farm. The average depth of this soil is, I should think, five feet; but it will vary from one foot to twenty.

Grass grows to a good height—from two to three feet. The grass is very fine, and stock fatten fast on it. There is a great variety of flowers on the prairies, which makes all nature look charming. I have counted between forty and fifty different kinds, of all colors that could be thought of; some of the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen. You ask if this kind of land is all taken? No—hardly any of it. I can now look out and see hundreds of acres of the most beautiful prairie I ever saw, without a white habitation on it, waiting for the plow. "How am I to get some of it?" you say. I may tell you in some future number, but think now for yourselves, spiritual friends. Fruits and grains that can be raised in such a latitude, will do well here. This is a great country for winter wheat—headed out now. Corn does not do as well, for we are apt to be troubled with the drouth. It does first rate on the bottoms. This soil will be excellent for grapes, peaches, apples, &c.

Corn, potatoes, &c. do best on the bottoms, but the upland will be the best for fruit. On the bottoms is where the wild fruit and timber grows. We have more timber here than there is in any other part of Kansas. We have a great variety of forest trees, such as oak, hickory, walnut, hackberry, pecan, elm, gycamore, ash, cottonwood, basswood, soft maple, mulberry, coffee-bean, honey locust, and a few minor kinds. The timber grows to a good height. There is enough to supply the country for many years, if it is properly used. As soon as we are in need of more we can get it from Arkansas, as there is an abundance of pine there. There will be a railroad down to that region in two or three years—one has been proposed already.

You ask if the timber is all taken? Yes it is, but those who own timbered claims will sell out for a reasonable price. The most of it is claimed by Missourians, who are very anxious to sell out. They do not like us Northerners, especially Spiritualists. No wonder! There is no affinity between us. Come, Spiritual friends, buy them out, and get a foothold in this part of Kansas, so you can do something for us who have not got timber claims, for timber will be worth something here in a few years.

There is considerable of wild fruit here, such as plums, grapes, fall and winter mulberries, persimmons, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, &c. There is no end to grapes. Almost every tree has a grape vine running up it. We have fruit from the first of June until December.

A. P. WILSON.

NEOSHO VALLEY, ALLEN CO., KANSAS, June 4, 1858.



CHARLES PARTRIDGE,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH.

We think we hazard little in saying that every well-regulated and reflective mind will accede, without the slightest hesitation, to the following propositions:

1. That there is always an Infinitude of truth beyond the definite, sensible and rational ken of any merely finite mind, whether of man or angel;
2. That this infinitude of truth, however diverse and multifarious its correlative and constituent parts, is unorderly and harmonious alike, admitting of no mutual inconsistencies and contradictions in the parts of which it is composed;
3. That this whole boundless realm of complexly unitary truth is pervaded, vitalized, overruled, and made potent and efficient, by an origination and directive Force, Intelligence and Love that is at last commensurate with its own infinitude, and is the active power of which the other is the passive.

All truth *within* the sphere of our absolute and definite comprehension, is the subject of Knowledge; while all truth *beyond* that is the subject of Faith. As therefore, even though we possess the intelligence of an archangel, we can definitely comprehend but little of that which of necessity must exist, the sphere of our definite knowledge is comparatively nothing in respect to that which we are convinced must lie beyond it. The sphere of Faith, on the other hand, is infinite, comprehending, as it does, the whole boundless realm of supersensible being. Indeed, in proportion as the sphere of definite knowledge expands, will the conceptions of the mind be intensified as to the infinite grandeur of that boundless and inexhaustible realm of truth which still necessarily lies beyond the ken of mortals and angels, and which, without in the least diminishing its magnitude or amount, will employ the ever expanding powers of human and angelic investigation, throughout the eternal ages. Still, in more or less dim generalities, the divinely regulated and truly rational soul, even in a comparatively infantile stage of its celestial culture, may truly grasp in the arms of a normal and legitimate faith, this whole infinite realm, and hold it with all the certainty of a demonstrated necessity. It may be to such a *known* Fountain from which infinite and eternal streams of the unknown flow forth into the sphere of human cognition, in consistent colors, series and degrees.

Now, then, are two spheres, a *known* and an *unknown*, the sphere of Knowledge, and the sphere of Faith. Both of these are necessary accompaniments of the soul's very life; each is, in its degree, equally legitimate and important with the other, and a destitution of either is so far a destitution of one of the main constituents of a man, as distinguishing him from the lower orders of living beings. Without knowledge—knowledge infallible and absolute so far as it goes, however limited its sphere—one could have no well-grounded faith; without faith, one could not, except by the casualties of unsought experiences, such as *and* upon and educate the brute, increase either the sphere of his knowledge, or that of the uses to which knowledge is applicable.

But if Faith is as legitimate as Knowledge, and if one is an element of human intellect equally fixed and established with the other, then the general and legitimate subjects of Faith—viz., (as seen above) the existence of an infinite, extra-cognizable realm of truth, the consistent order and harmonious unity of this truth, and its adequate over-presiding Intelligence and Love (which must also be infinite), must be as fixed and absolute as the very existence of Faith itself. As the soul inductively proceeds from this *sure* general ground of its confidence, to the conception of *specific points* of truth which are supposed to be included in these universal axioms, it of course progressively departs from the clear *light of certainty* and *as gradually* merges into the realms of the doubtful; but in all its ratiocinations and hypothetic conceptions, it may maintain a *fixed confidence* that at least whatever may be consistent with infinite Power, Intelligence and Love to work for the *real good* of

His sentient creatures, that is most certainly true. And the recognition of this point should impart to the mind those passive and child-like expectancies of divine favors limited only by its own moral adaptations, which should prepare it to look for boundless divine communications of truth and good, both in Revelation and in Providence. Indeed it is no more possible for us to have too much religious faith than it is possible for our conceptions to transcend the greatness of an infinite God; though of course we would here distinguish between a normal and legitimate faith, and the absurd ravings of a conceited and, it may be, morally diseased mind, which neither knows what it wants, nor what are the orderly conditions of its supply.

We have intimated that without faith we could make scarcely any progress in true knowledge, or in the practical uses to which knowledge may be applied. A universally applicable illustration of this point is found in Fulton's investigations and experiments in the construction of the steamboat. The grand motor of all his efforts in this direction, consisted in a firm belief that there were powers in steam which had not yet been developed in outer application, and which might be made available for the uses he had in view. Had it not been for this faith, none of his experiments would have been made, his mind would not have been farther enlightened by the practical demonstration of his theory, and the world would yet probably have been deprived of the important uses of the means of locomotion which the steamboat affords. So of the faith of the farmer by which he is induced to plow his ground and scatter his seed in expectation of a future crop; and so, indeed, of all intelligent and rational efforts for a yet unattained object, whether this be on the physical, intellectual or spiritual plane. Were it not for a faith in a something which, speaking in common parlance, we would say is not as yet absolutely known, no efforts and no aspirations would ever be put forth, and the human faculties would stagnate and sink into utter impotency. Moreover, it is only from a faith in an overruling Power and Intelligence which directs all things in love to ends compatible with the highest good, that man receives the efficient armor of fortitude and cheerful endurance under the various ills of life. On the other hand, faith—that faith which brings God into sensible presence, and admits of the conscious influx of his power, has emboldened its possessor to brave the scorn of the world, to meet cheerfully the rack and the fagot, and to die singing psalms of triumph over the persecuting malice of bigoted and selfish men. And looking back through the ages, we find that humanity has at all times received the one and only essential stream of its vitality through the channel of faith—*religious* faith; and whenever this channel becomes obstructed, or the stream stagnated or corrupted, the fact has invariably been accompanied with lethargy, moral disorders and dissolution in the social body.

Spiritualists—readers whoever ye may be—we want more self-subduing, world conquering, heaven-grasping FAITH. We can not have too much of it, but there is imminent danger of our having too little. The boast that we believe nothing but what we can fully comprehend may be very gratifying to our intellectual pride, but it divorces us, at once, from all centers of moral attraction that are *above* our own plane, and leaves us bound and fettered in the narrow circle of our own sensuous perceptions, and fantastic conceits, with no power above us to lift us out of them. If you ask, How can we have faith without evidence? we answer, you can not; but there is something else that is quite as essential to faith as evidence itself, and that is that docile and deferential disposition which admits and hospitably entertains evidence, and permits it to do its proper work. Who has not noted the remarkable facility which some minds have of parrying the evidence of an unwelcome truth, and of gradually spreading a veil of oblivion over an obtruding and confounding argument, so that in the course of a few days it will cease to disturb the darling errors to which, in their self-complacency, they have become firmly wedded? Unfaith, when resting on such a basis, is *criminal*, however excusable it may be when lack of evidence is its sole cause. We must not allow the homely distich to be true of us,

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,"

but rather must we have *no will* against being convinced of a truth, however humiliating to our pride it may be; and when conviction brings any truth to our mind, we must cherish it as a *gem of heaven*, and be sure to *confirm* our love to it, to what ever extent our pride and self-conceit may suffer in the ordeal. This is the only true doctrine of *progress*.

ought preachers preach what they know is true?

Some of our Universalist brethren are sorely grieved because a goodly number of their clergy (and laymen, too,) have received tangible demonstrations that some of their preaching has been really *true* all the while.

So long as they did not *know* there was any *truth* in what they preached, they were considered good preachers and worthy of Christian fellowship; but now that it has been *demonstrated* to them that their kindred and friends, whose earthly tabernacles have been dissolved, *still live*, not merely "somewhere," but *with them*, and even communicate with them, it is considered an offense against the laws of Christian fellowship to continue to preach it.

There is, of course, more latitude for the preacher in the realm of mere faith or imagination, where Gods and Devils, Heavens and Hells, are made by men to suit their own interest and convenience. It is not expected that people will *believe* much of such preaching; but it is conceived to answer just as well, or a little better, since it is found that people are ever ready to make a public profession of belief in what they do not know, and are more willing to pay for the preaching of the same, than for what they *do* or *may* know. People prefer to have their fancies tickled rather than their understandings enlightened. Truth and sincerity are monotonous and severe, and have long since been rejected as innovators on human interests and happiness. Those who try to preach truth and righteousness, or to live them into the world, are considered public targets to fire at—suitable victims for the idle slanders of any heartless gossip. If the sufferer does not turn and revile them or chastise them the first time he meets them, they consider it a license to go on in their evil course. A true life is disreputable to the great lawless and godless horde of this age, and therefore few or none live it, or dare try to live it.

Rev. A. B. Grosh, in a letter to the *Herald and Era* (Universalist paper,) in answer to complaints that he suffers the names of clergymen who have become Spiritualists, to remain in the list of those in fellowship with the denomination, says:

"What authority have I to usurp the powers of these several ecclesiastical bodies, and sentence to disfellowship preachers whom they fellowship? And so long as these ministers duly and properly perform their professional duties, and conduct as Christian men and ministers, why should a mere belief in Spiritualism—publicly or privately expressed—disqualify them for mention in our Register, any more than a belief in mesmerism, phrenology, or any other disputed science?"

We are as stupid as brother Grosh in not being able to see clearly the Christian propriety of disfellowshipping those who are having an experience similar to that of Christ and the Apostles, and who, like them, proclaim their experience to the world. We do not think it will do any harm to have the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Bible duplicated in our day, and affirmed to—*notwithstanding* the preaching of these truths may now, as in olden times, disturb those who preach faith in fables, and may even sever the bands of their fellowship, and break up the merely popular faith and faithless church. Yet we should like to have the experiment of preaching what is *demonstrably true* tried for fifty or a hundred years, to test fairly the question whether "the people can have the truth," or whether speculation, fiction or fact is best for them.

SPIRIT-CURE OF A METHODIST.

We are credibly informed by a Methodist brother, that Mr. S., of Williamsburgh, who is a member of the Methodist Church, as is also his wife, has been a long time troubled with what are called stones in the gall-bladder, and that he had exhausted the usual medical skill to remove them, but without success. He became very much distressed, and feeble, and in one of his paroxysms he said to his family, "What can be done to relieve me?" His wife was influenced to write in a semi-conscious state what afterward proved to be a prescription, with directions how to prepare and administer the medicine. This was something new; they knew not the cause of her writing; but the suffering man at once said he would try it. The family objected until they could ascertain whether the articles prescribed were poisonous, and for this purpose the druggist and doctor were consulted, and they learned that the articles were used as medicines, but the doctor said he would not take the responsibility of recommending the prescription for the case. "The sufferer," said he, "must take the responsibility of trying it." This he did, and for a few days suffered even more distress; but the same influence told them not to be alarmed, but

to proceed with the medicine, which they did, and in the course of ten days several gall stones, some of them quite large, passed away, and he was immediately relieved, and has remained well ever since.

These people were not Spiritualists, and the wife had never before been influenced, and they knew not what the influence was, and were induced to try the medicine, merely because of the novel manner in which it was given to them, and the distress they were in. Since this, however, they have learned that it came from Spirits, and Mrs. S. has in a private way been used by Spirits to heal others.

These people remain in the Church, and are very shy of letting it be known that they are Spiritualists.

SCHOOL NOTICES.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.—On Tuesday evening, June 29, we had the pleasure of attending a literary and musical entertainment, and examination of pupils of the Polytechnic Institute, 63 West Nineteenth-street, this city, under the management of Mr. A. T. Deane, as Principal. The various classes were examined in reading, American History, and Fourth Eclectic Reader, writing on slates from dictation, in Geography, Perrin's Fables and Telemachus in French. During the evening the pupils declaimed, recited poetry, and rehearsed dialogues, and at intervals there was vocal and instrumental music on the piano, by Mrs. D., the wife of the Principal.

The various manuscript books and map drawings were also submitted for inspection.

The examination throughout showed gratifying evidences of the proficiency of the pupils, and of the able and judicious manner in which the Institution is conducted by Mr. Deane, the Principal, and who, by assiduous attention to the intellectual wants of his pupils, has deserved and acquired for his school a high reputation. Mr. D. delivered an address on the occasion, setting forth his views of the office, duties, and qualifications of a teacher, of the difficulties of the profession, and the true mode of overcoming them. We would give a synopsis of his remarks did our space permit.

PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN.—The annual commencement of this school took place on Thursday evening, July 1. The exercises consisted of the reading of reports of the various examining committees, reading of select compositions of the pupils, and of the ceremonies of delivering diplomas to the young ladies, of whom there were about thirty who graduated. This is unquestionably one of the finest female academies in the United States, being as it is, amply endowed, occupying a spacious and splendid building, with beautiful walks, in a beautiful and healthy situation, on Joralemon-street, Brooklyn, and affording the best facilities for instruction in all those branches included in the most accomplished female education, such as the English branches, Mathematics, Chemistry, Botany, Music, Drawing, French, Latin, etc. This Institution receives pupils from all parts of the country, those coming from a distance boarding in the family of Professor Eaton, the President of the Institution, unless they have friends in Brooklyn with whom they prefer to reside.

On the occasion referred to, the chapel of the Institution was densely crowded by pupils and their parents and guardians, and many were unable to effect an entrance. We learn that during the last term this Institution has had more pupils than it has had at any previous term. The school is in every way to be recommended to those who have daughters on whom they wish to bestow a liberal education.

Analyses.

We beg to remind the friends of human culture, that we some weeks since proposed, through these columns, to republish this rare work of the learned Higgin, provided a sufficient number of persons would promise to take a copy at \$12, to warrant the enterprise. Since then we have received several subscribers, but not a sufficient number as yet to warrant the republication. Several persons are so anxious for a copy that they have agreed to pay what our copy cost us in England (\$36), and others have proposed to take three copies and pay \$36. Those who desire a copy will oblige us by sending in their orders without delay. We are in hopes to receive sufficient orders to republish the work. Address,

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, N. Y.

Healing Medium and Gardener Wanted.

We are in receipt of a letter and request from the vicinity of Wheeling, Va., for a visit from any healing medium who may be traveling in that section of the country. Also, for a person skilled in gardening, and capable of taking care of peach trees, strawberries, raspberries, and other fruit. One who is a Spirit-medium would be preferred. Persons wishing to avail themselves of it will please call for the address.

The Insulting Echo.

The following lines are specially dedicated to those who suppose that they hold intercourse with Spirits, and find little else than Evil Spirits and Devils:

"Hear the story of the child that went forth into the mountain ravine. Whilst the child wandered there he cried aloud, to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets, all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to its mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand and said: 'My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hillside. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone.' Always, said the speaker, is that child in the mountain passes, and every man and every woman is that child."

Herald of Light for July.

The July issue of this Monthly, (edited by T. L. Harris) has just come to hand. Its table of contents is as follows: The New Church; The Rabbit on the Wall; The Children of Hymen; Who and What is Jesus Christ? Notice; The Serpent on the Door Stone; Wisdom for the Million; A Mysterious Occurrence at Sea; Arcana of Christianity. Publication office 447 Broome-street; Terms \$1.50 per annum in advance; single numbers 15 cts. For sale at this office.

This Journal is professedly devoted to the doctrines and ethics of the "New Church," from which fact some have supposed it to be distinctly Swedenborgian. To correct this misunderstanding, the publishers have placed upon the title-page the following standing definition:

"The New Church is the Body of Christ, including within itself the good of every sect and persuasion throughout the world, excluding none. In its visible form, it embraces all who confess that Jesus is the Lord, receive the Holy Scriptures as the Divine Word, and accept the doctrine of Regeneration, through obedience to its commandments in the uses of a godly and self-denying life."

Splendid New Cathedral.

Judging from certain "signs of the times," one would not suppose that Catholicism is very much "on the decline" in the city of New York. Within the last ten years the Catholic places of worship in this city have multiplied beyond all precedent; and we see by the last issue of the *Freeman's Journal* that Archbishop Hughes has now a project of erecting a new Cathedral, which will far transcend all others in magnitude and magnificence. It is to be situated on Fifth avenue, between Fifth and Fifty-first street, and is to be dedicated to St. Patrick. The contract for the erection of the building has been given to Messrs. Renwick and Rodriguez, the former of whom was the architect of Trinity Church; and the corner stone will be laid on the 15th of August, the day of the Assumption. Its dimensions will present a front of 140 feet, and a depth of 325 feet. The architecture will be Gothic, with cruciform aisles, and transept and rear entrances. It will be without pews, will be a church for the whole diocese, and will have fourteen different altars, so that fourteen priests can celebrate mass at the same time. It will be splendidly adorned with colored windows, with a magnificent spire, and other architectural details to correspond, and will cost, when finished, not much less than \$1,000,000. Archbishop Hughes proposes to raise, to begin with, \$100,000, and intends that the balance of the expense shall be defrayed by small contributions and "Peter's pence." Five years are mentioned as the probable time that will be consumed in the erection of it.

The Cause in Amboy, III.

Mr. John Lynch writing us from this flourishing Western city, says: "The cause in this place is progressing finely. We have been favored with the presence of that excellent test rapping medium Mrs. Coan, Mr. Andrew J. Davis and lady, and last, though by no means least, Miss Hulet, of Rockford, who entertained us two evenings, to our great delight and edification. The last evening the subject of her discourse was chosen by a committee selected from the audience, and was—'The present religious revival—its cause and probable results.' The subject was treated with masterly ability, and the speaker's ready and appropriate answers to the numerous and intricate questions submitted by the audience, gave almost universal satisfaction."

Mr. Harris' Absence.

The Sunday meetings of T. L. Harris have been suspended for the warm months, and Mr. H. and his wife are rusticated in the neighborhood of Schron Lake, Warren Co. He expects to return and resume his meetings in September.

Inducement to Subscribers.—The Telegraph \$1 50.

Having some copies of each issue of the present volume of the TELEGRAPH on hand, and to meet the times, we propose to those who now choose to take the entire volume, commencing in May last, and ending in May next, to furnish the volume complete at the reduced price of \$1 50 per year. This will not change the regular price to those who wish their subscription to commence now or hereafter.

We have received a communication from Judge Edmonds, but too late for insertion this week. It will appear in our next issue.

THE NEW YORK HERALD VS. SPIRITUALISM;

OR, GOLIAH VS. DAVID.

A few years ago Spiritualism was only to be let alone in order to die a natural death. We heard a divine tell his hearers to follow the advice of the Jewish sage: "And now I say unto you; Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Acts 5: 38, 39. The New York Tribune, whose instincts always had been on the side of the weak against the strong, were diligently watching and fending the new upstart, in order to satisfy their curiosity. Then the lad was but rapping and tipping tables, playing all sorts of boyish tricks, and fully verifying Paul's saying: "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." 1 Cor. 13: 11. But when Goliath shook his finger at the young intruder, the Tribune got scared, turned round and abused the very youngster whose claims they had so stoutly advocated. "That was," as Foucher said, "not a crime, but a political blunder." Poor Tribune forgot that David had a stone in his sling. The Herald was then making fun, and amusing itself in such articles as "DR. TYNG AND THE DEVIL." Now the same Herald, finding out that David is killing Goliath, calls upon the "thirty thousand clergymen" to defend the Church, State and society, against "this threatening sedition." To give Spiritualists an idea of the apprehensions that are entertained as to our progress and growth, not only as a religious and moral, but as a political power, we shall quote what the Herald of July 5 says on the subject. If it were not true, we should say with Horace of old: "*Parturiunt montes, ridiculus mus,*" but as there is more truth than fiction, we invite our belligerent neighbor to consider that Spiritualism is the Immanuel and Christ of modern times; that our "thirty thousand clergymen" are as powerless before Spiritualism as the Pharisees were against Christianity.

Spiritualism is to Christianity what Christianity was to Judaism; its advent is hailed not only by the bereft and the skeptic, but by the scientific, and the man of progress. It allows every individual a brain wherewith to think, a heart wherewith to love, a will wherewith to will, and hands wherewith to carry out his thoughts and resolutions.

It seems our contemporaries are abandoning Gamaliel's prudent advice; the Herald is sounding the charge; let us hear what he has to say, for he seems to be on the fence, and ready to clap his wings and crow for the victors.

THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTION—EVERY MAN HIS OWN EVANGELIST—ESTHETICS AND STATUES OF SPIRITUALISM—A FREE CONVENTION IN VERMONT—THE REVOLUTIONARY TENDENCY OF THE NEW CREED—ITS WAR AGAINST CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS—ALARMING GROWTH OF THE SPIRITUAL PRACTICES OF ANIMISM, ETC.

The anniversary proceedings which have monopolized our space of late, presented the condition of our religious and charitable organizations, affording such evidence of their prosperity as they saw fit to report of themselves. There were several important sections of the religious community, however, not represented in our bulletin. Of these, none could well have afforded a more curious interest than the new movement of the Spiritualists, had they seen fit to put themselves upon the stand, and render their accounts current. There is ample evidence on every hand that this movement is exercising a most subtle and wide-spread influence. Without some notice of its progress, our gazette would be materially deficient as an index to the prevailing religious interest and its developments. It may be expedient for the churches to ignore the *parvenu* creed of the Spirit-rappers, but the vocation of journalism does not dictate such a policy. We present accordingly such facts and statements as could be gathered on the subject from the journals and tracts, as well as from the lectures and discourses of the "new revelation."

A Free Convention of Spiritualists, in the manner of a mass meeting, called by circular, has taken place at Rutland, Vt., and we understand that matters of unusual and permanent importance to their interests as a body were brought up on that occasion. The principle, or phenomenon, in which the movement originated, has had its due share of notoriety. But it was no new thing, and its affinity with popular demology, witchcraft, and the apocryphal miracles of antiquity—apart from the question of their truth—is frankly acknowledged. The Spiritualists are, it seems, now endeavoring to move toward a position where they can stand above this phenomenon, and present themselves more in the vestments of a philosophical religion than in the garb of a fantastic superstition. They feel keenly the unsparing onslaught which has been made upon them, but with the confidence of their increased numbers, and the progress they have achieved, they now manifest a spirit of assault and retaliation. The formula of this proposed attack upon the church organizations has more novelty than the basis of their creed. They lay it down as a cardinal duty to oppose and destroy all "authoritarianism" in religion. They have meetings for lecture and worship, but no appointed or recognized ministry; they hold conventions for discussion, but make no election of delegates; the expenses of their places of worship they are anxious to have paid upon the straitforward cash plan of a small fee at the door, and settle all round when the service is closed. They have no ordinations or covenant of creed; they have no funded property, real estate, or leases of church buildings; they have no charitable institutions, or any written or implied compact of association; they will recognize no organization, and assert the absolute uncontrollable sovereignty of each individual, as only answerable in the sight of God. They do not ask their disciples

even to come out of existing organizations, but if possible remain in them, and leave them with new directions. Notwithstanding these apparent hindrances, they claim to be already a religious, and a harmonious church-power of the first rank among Christian sects.

In the progress they are made since the whole thing was but a mysterious note in an old house at Rochester, fifteen years since, they assume in the most confident manner to see the doom and overthrow of the entire ecclesiastical system which prevails in this country. As a theory of religion, the development of these ideas would prove, without question, the most revolutionary movement which ecclesiasticism has witnessed since the Reformation. A nucleus of more than a million of good and attached believers is already claimed for such a revolution. Its barriers, they say, are not indeed, drawn up on Broadway or Pennsylvania avenue, but in the far more vital precincts of the jury-box and the ballot-box; in the Senate and the halls of legislation, on the bench, the press, and even in the pulpit itself. The movement is essentially indigenous and American, bearing the most absolute marks of its democratic and popular origin.

To back up this curious and radical basis of a religion, they assert not only the Protestant principle, the right and duty of every man, woman and child to have access to the evangelical writings—but they assume, also, the duty and the ability of every individual to become an evangelist for himself, to find access to the spiritual world, and draw there a spiritual inspiration for his moral sustenance, as the trees absorb their own light and air. The means proposed in this method for "evangelizing" the world, rendered the matter apparently on a par with the practicality of the submarine telegraph—difficult, but it must be done. The two methods in practice are those of the clairvoyants, whose faculties, by a species of dervish like trance, are supposed to be elevated to the sphere of immortal life, and those of the seances, mediums who assume to have the gift of seeing about the Spirits of the departed. At Doudworth Academy, the chief exponent, prophet, and medicine man of this American dervish delusion has just commenced a fresh course of lectures, which attract no little attention. What he has to say is chiefly in explanation of his personal experience as a "practical evangelist," its processes and its results, in his own life. He stands up to his task before his audience with the coolness and confidence of an English, who indeed had gone up in the old fashioned fiery chariot, but was now returned by the more commonplace, but much more convenient method of a railroad train. He has no creed, no evangelical code, no church organization to preach; he does not even pretend the infallible accuracy of his own statements, nor do any of those engaged in this movement. He simply attests the discovery of an occult and fascinating world of religious ecstasy, a sort of theological Northwest passage to the spiritual world, by which the Bible is superseded practically, and where any one may go and explore for himself.

It would be useless to deny the extent to which this new superstition prevails. The more noisy and preposterous manifestations of it have subsided as matters of public excitement; but the private practice of its manipulations and ecstasies are well known to have taken a deep hold of our community. Spirit manifestations make a chief and most exciting subject of attention in numberless households, especially in the stagnant social life of our country towns. Clergymen, travelling lecturers and reporters bear witness unanimously to its equally alarming and astonishing growth. It has established a new means of mental dissipation and debauchery among us, the more deplorable as its victims are mainly among women and children. Its mystical fascination, and the religious garb with which it is shielded, insure its encouragement where it should be repressed. The sickly, exhausting, and epileptic practices of mediumship have accordingly gained a hold here which can only be paralleled elsewhere by the vice of opium eating in China, the worship of demons in India and the like. Its real extent would be impossible to determine. Of those Christians who accord it a tacit assent, and accept its distinctive doctrine—the substantial and material being of the human soul and of God—the number is quite beyond computation. It is in this point of view that the Spiritualists have made, as yet, their only abiding impression. The number of six hundred professional speakers and mediums were given in the *Spiritual Register*, with their names and addresses, as actively urging the movement, whilst the names of a thousand others are withheld, because it was not known how far they were willing to become subject to calls outside of their immediate "circles." The same source affords an estimate of the actual number of professed Spiritualists, compiled from extensive correspondence undertaken for this object, and with the facilities of an editor and itinerant who had surveyed and gone over the ground:

SPIRITUALISTS IN AMERICA.		
Methodists	12,000	4,000
New Englanders	1,000	1,000
Wesleyan Union	50,000	50,000
Episcopalians	1,000	1,000
Presbyterians	1,000	1,000
Unitarians	1,000	1,000
Quakers	1,000	1,000
Seventh Day Adventists	1,000	1,000
Swedenborgians	1,000	1,000
Others	1,000	1,000
Total	120,000	120,000

The sales of spiritualist books and publications would seem to corroborate this estimate. If the movement of the Protestant reformation was the result of the printing of the Scriptures, the American revolutionary religion is still more emphatically a religion of typography. It literally substitutes the press for the pulpit, and the household for the Cathedral. More than a hundred periodicals have been started for its diffusion, of which some fifteen are now in operation. Over one hundred distinct publications on the subject are on the book catalogues, which are set down for as much demand as the new religious books of any other sect usually average. Judge Edmond's book has had a sale of 10,000 copies; those of Davis, of which there are ten, have reached already as high as 8,000 for his best volumes; certain pamphlets, in the early stages of the movement had a more vastly extensive circulation. The newspapers devoted to the subject are, as far as we have their names:

The Spiritual Telegraph, New York, weekly.
The Age of Progress, Buffalo, N. Y.
Spiritual Universe, Cleveland, Ohio, weekly.
The Spiritual Age, Boston, weekly.
Spiritual Messenger, Cincinnati, Ohio, weekly.
Northeastern Evangelist, Waukegan, Ill., weekly: Ira Porter and J. C. Smith, editors and proprietors, commenced November, 1856, and still continues.
Spiritual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y.
The Weekly Monitor, Connecticut, Ohio.

Journal de l'Esprit, monthly; Docteur Roussier, Geneva, Switzerland.

El Espiritualista, monthly, Caracas, Venezuela, South America.

Le Spiritisme de la Nouvelle Orleans, monthly, New Orleans.

The Principle, New York, weekly.

The Vanguard, Dayton, Ohio.

The Yorkshire (England) Spiritual Telegraph.

Practical Christian, weekly, Hopedale, Mass.

Herald of Light, New York.

This elimination is presented in the *Herald* as one of the features of the time, and for the special consideration of that portion of our thirty thousand clergymen whose duty it should be to meet this threatening addition in their own precincts before wasting precious time upon the barren and dangerous province of politics. It would seem that the matter is not unknown to them, for during their late visit to New York an extraordinary number of Spiritualist publications were disposed of. It is well worth their attention, before it becomes too late, to see how far the religion of our sleepy churches, the Protestant loyalty to the Scriptures, the religion of revelation, has been undermined by the Spiritualist religion of revelation—the red republican project of making every man his own evangelist.

CHRIST AND MOSES.

WILMINGTON, N. C., June 20, 1858.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

While I can not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was God or God's equal, yet there is to me one conclusive evidence in his life and teaching that he possessed a nature so far divine as to make him receptive of inspiration from a higher and purer source than any teachers of the human race who preceded, or, for many ages, succeeded him. He taught one great truth that was not only at variance with the ideas of mankind in that age, but actually in direct opposition to the teachings of the Jewish religion under which he had been reared, and to the doctrines laid down in the Bible, or so much of it as had an existence at that time—a truth that was not appreciated by his contemporaries, or even by those claiming to be his disciples and followers for many ages, and is in fact now but beginning to dawn upon the minds and hearts of mankind. I refer to his doctrine that we should do good for evil, and love those who hate us. In other words, that love is the great attribute of God, by which he rules and controls the moral, spiritual and religious worlds, as by his attribute of power he controls the physical world.

The existence of this universal law in modern times appears, I believe, to have been first recognized in the treatment of the insane, which is but an exaggerated condition of that sin and error with which we are all afflicted in a more or less mitigated form. Now, no reflecting and observing man can fail to have seen that kind words and kind treatment will reform one hundred erring men, where harsh words and treatment will reform one, or rather not one. The question naturally arises, why have mankind been so long seemingly in ignorance of, and now so slow to recognize, the existence of this law? To me it appears manifest that the reason why we have not sooner recognized this great and glorious truth, which must reform the world and make all mankind brothers, joint heirs with Christ, is because the clergy—the teachers to whom the people look and go for religious instruction—instead of making this great fundamental doctrine of Jesus Christ the basis of their teachings, they are trying to reconcile palpable contradictions, the fierce and relentless teachings of Moses and the Prophets, who represent God as a God of hosts, of battles, of jealousy, of anger, of hate, of vengeance, commanding his people to utterly destroy their enemies with the sword, the men, the women, and the little children. These erroneous representations of God they are trying to reconcile with the gentle, the pure, and the truthful teaching of Jesus, that God is love—trying to reconcile Judaism with its errors, which are on about an equality with those of the heathen, with the truthful teachings of Christ.

They remind me of certain circus men who perform the difficult feat of riding two horses at once. There are, however, two points of difference between them—the circus men's horses are usually of one color, while the clergy's horses are one snow white, while the other is very black, and it constitutes no little part of their trouble to persuade the people that they are both of one color. Again, the circus horses run even and gently together, while the clergy's horses, truth and error, never did go well together; and now since Spiritualism has shed its light on the course, they are becoming still more unmanageable, and at every step are separating wider apart, causing their riders to have a tremendous spread, and yet they do not seem to realize the truth that they must speedily abandon one and hold on to the other if they would not be dropped to the earth between them. Will they do this in time to save themselves and to aid in freeing the minds of mankind from the perplexing errors into which they have led them?

WARNING OF A DISTANT DEATH.

FRIEND PARTHENO:

Though not a subscriber to, yet I am a faithful reader of, your journal. I never fail to peruse every letter and every line, and also take pains to circulate it among my friends, believing that "the *TELEGRAPH*" yields more food for thinking men than any periodical now published. Observing you call for communications from correspondents, I send my mite in the shape of the following sketch from the life of Sir Jonah Barrington, hoping that it may effect something toward diminishing that sect of superficial thinkers who are continually crying out that Spiritualism is a new and unheard of thing.

With the life and writings of Sir Jonah Barrington many of your readers are probably familiar. I will only say in respect to the man, that he was for many years judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, a scholar and a gentleman who was entitled to, and received the respect of all who knew him. The following narrative is embodied in his life, and there is no apparent or discernible motive for imputation of deception, as he could gain nothing by its relation but the sneers of the vulgar and the ridicule of the educated. The story given in his own words is entitled:

THE DEATH OF LORD ROSMORE.

One of the greatest pleasures that I enjoyed while residing at Dunrune (the country seat of Sir Jonah) was the near abode of the late Lord Rosmore, at that time commander-in-chief in Ireland. His Lordship knew my father, and from my commencement in public life had been my friend, and a sincere one. He was a Scotsman born, but had come to Ireland when very young, as a page to the Lord Lieutenant. He had married an heiress, had purchased the estate of Mount Kennedy, built a noble mansion, laid out some of the finest gardens in Ireland; and in fact improved the demesne as far as taste, skill, and money could accomplish. He was what might be called a remarkably fine old man, quite the gentleman, and when at Mount Kennedy quite the country gentleman. He lived in a style few people can attain to; his table supplied by his own farms was adapted to the vicereity himself, yet was ever spread for his neighbors. In a word, no man ever kept a more even hand in society than Lord Rosmore, and no man was ever better repaid by universal esteem. Had his connections possessed his understanding and practiced his habits, they would probably have found more friends when they wanted them.

This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts, and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rosmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore in his green old age the appearance of robust health. During the vicereignty of Earl Hardwicke, Lady Barrington at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle met Lord Rosmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord-Lieutenant was to be of the company.

"My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter; so tell him that, come he *must*." She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve, and toward two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened; it occurred first at very short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and milder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly; the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air, when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone; it seemed descending; I felt every nerve tremble; it was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point whence it came. At length I awoke Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an Eolian harp; but to that instrument it bore no similitude; it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I, but subsequently she was more so.

We now went to a large window in our bedroom, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath. The sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass plat immediately below our window. It continued—Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded

by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation three repeated of "Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings. Indeed I can not. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty that I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed. In about a minute after the sound died gradually away until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so *superstitious* as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, as we should be thereby rendered *laughing stocks*. At length wearied with speculations we fell into a sound slumber.

About seven the ensuing morning a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light; I went to the door, when my faithful servant Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, "O Lord, Sir—" "What is the matter?" said I hurriedly; "Oh, Sir," ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing, that my Lord after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that *about half after two*, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over."

I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incident as unequivocally a matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was *absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced*. Let skeptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes may be assigned, but I am totally unequal to the task.

The above well authenticated facts will probably have no effect upon that class of men who believe nothing unless they see for themselves and who consequently live and die bigoted in their own opinions, and ignorant of the opinions of all others, but for those really desirous to learn, who can draw sensible conclusions from established facts, it will furnish a link in the great chain of testimony which is now demonstrating the truths of the spiritual philosophy. GEO. A. SHEPHERD, JR.
JUNE 30, 1857. CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

The fact that certain mysterious phenomena akin to those of modern Spiritualism, have had existence from time immemorial, can not, I think, be called in question. The custom with most people is to treat all such facts as "ghost stories," as things having no reality except in the brains of cowards and crazy men. But, Mr. Editor, my mind is so constituted that I can not endure to see a "something" before me without asking *what it is*—what does it signify? Since I have been somewhat conversant with the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, I have found a key to unlock very many occurrences hitherto shrouded in mystery. I could read you a chapter from my own experience, too long for one sitting, wholly made up of facts, precisely in their nature like thousands of others which have been given to the world in your publications. The world is full of spiritual manifestations. Still they are overlooked by all that class who call themselves the "sensible" class of humanity.

The other day I was in conversation with a man of "the olden time," who was giving me some portions of his experience. He was a religious, good and honest, but anchored to the past, and a disbeliever in progress. He came to a certain portion of his life, when he became very solemn, and proceeded to tell me how he was first awakened to serious thought. He heard some one rapping loudly on the outside door, one evening, and went and opened the door, but saw no signs of any person. He turned to go back, when he again heard three loud, distinct knocks. He again opened the door, but saw no person. He now felt alarmed and "solemn," and he felt that something was about to happen. He went on to tell how his wife and friends laughed at him. He also stated that, subsequent to the above occurrence, he saw, while sitting at dinner one day, a ball of blue light pass across the table.

I am acquainted with an individual who, while watching with a sick person, heard the door-bell ring violently during the night. Search was made for the persons, but no persons could be found. The bell was rung repeatedly. This person is no believer in Spiritualism.

A case has just come under my notice, which happened in a family of not much reading, and not at all conversant with Spiritualism. A lady died of consumption. A day or two before she died, she heard beautiful singing, and asked her attendants if they heard it, and where it was. None heard it but herself. Occurrences like this are common. They are met by saying, "poor woman, she's a little lost in her mind." And so they pass by unheeded. I think it a good idea to collate these various phenomena, and show, by an accumulation of facts, that there must be some philosophy connected with them. If you like, more soon.

TRUTH-SEEKER.

Certainly we should "like" to have our clerical friend continue a narration of such spiritual facts as have come under his knowledge. We know that valuable evidences of spiritual intercourse, and aids to virtuous endeavors, have been witnessed and are witnessed up in the clerical profession; and we not only hope this brother will proceed to give us his facts and conclusions, but that others seeing his good work, will do likewise.—Ed.

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.—The celebration, in our city, of the anniversary of our nation's birth, passed off, upon the whole, in a highly satisfactory manner, and with something less than the usual number of serious accidents, and outbreaks of lawless rowdism. A large number of fires, however, occurred in the city, as results principally of the careless explosion of gunpowder in the various forms of its application to the amusement of the patriotic fire-eaters; and some accidents of a serious and fatal nature are recorded as happening in various parts of the city, and in Brooklyn. Several fights, also, principally among drunken rowdies, took place, but none which may not be considered as among the ordinary passing events of such great and public occasions. In the evening, splendid exhibitions of fireworks were given at the various public squares in the city, in Brooklyn, etc. The day was delightfully cool and pleasant.

AFFAIRS AT UTAH.—News received at Washington represent affairs at Utah as still in an unsatisfactory state. Although official dispatches make no mention of any disagreement between Gov. Cumming and the army officers, the fact is notorious, and forms the staple of most of the private correspondence from Camp Scott. Gov. Cumming was not satisfied with the course indicated by the Peace Commissioners, nor altogether with the policy of sending them at all. He thought the President's proclamation should have been sent to him direct. The Peace Commissioners have no authority to supersede Cumming's power as Governor, or to control the movements of the army. They were appointed with the expectation of finding the Mormons in rebellion, and taking their submission on certain conditions, and with no belief that Gov. Cumming would be established at Salt Lake in the administering of civil functions. Hence, to such extent, so much of their task is already fulfilled. How far they may deem it necessary to proceed beyond this point has yet to be developed. Gen. Johnston's command, numbering in all about three thousand men, was to have started on the 12th of June for the military reservation beyond Salt Lake. No new orders have been issued, and his march is now directed to the destination marked out before the trains were burnt and animals stampeded last fall. So he is only obeying his original instructions. Letters from Utah to the St. Louis Democrat, state that Gen. Harney and staff reached a point on the Little Blue, two hundred and forty-five miles west of Fort Leavenworth, on June 23. All well, and in excellent spirits. The letters contain no news. The roads were good, and the weather fine. Headquarters progressing rapidly. The third column, under Col. May, was overtaken on the evening of the 23d ult.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CAMACHES.—The Dallas (Texas) Herald states that Gen. E. H. Tarrant is raising an independent volunteer battalion of three or four hundred men, for an expedition against the Northern Camaches. The expedition is to organize, and operate independently, each man mounting and equipping himself, and subsistence is furnished for voluntary subscription in the frontier counties. The rendezvous is to be at Belknap, on the 4th of July, prepared for a three months campaign to the Indian country. A company has been made up in Wise county, another in Cook, and another was raised in Parker, says our informant. The citizens were subscribing flour, meal and other provisions liberally. That paper says: "Depredations continue to be committed throughout the frontier counties to such an extent that the people can not wait the tardy and uncertain process of government protection. They are determined to protect themselves."

PRIVATE letters to officials at Washington state that there is every probability of a serious Indian war in Oregon and Washington, and the Administration is much exercised at the prospect which presents itself.

The yacht *Wonderer*, Capt. Corrie, arrived at Charleston in seven days from New York, beating against head winds. He was greeted with salutes on entering the harbor, was fêted, his yacht praised immoderately, the Yankees generally blowed up for daring (in the person of Marshal Rynders and his deputies) to search and seize him as a slaver, and finally he departed on the 3d inst., for Trinidad, Port Spain, amid the cheers of the crowd which lined the shores, and the waving of flags and adieus from fair women, and all that.

Preston S. Turley, the Virginia ex-clergyman, who has been convicted of the murder of his wife, is to be executed on the 17th of September next. This will be the first occasion of a white man being hanged in Kanawha county since its formation in 1787.

VERTICES has almost ceased to throw out lava. So far back as the 21st, the mountain sent up globes of smoke mixed with ashes, which may be regarded as one of the indications of a declining eruption. Since that time, nothing more has been witnessed. A dreadful storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, overwhelmed a considerable portion of the district of lava, in the province of Calabria, Citerione, on the evening of the 7th instant. A considerable tract of land was destroyed, several villages ruined; and 23 persons lost their lives.

THE CAMBRIDGE (Md.) Herald states that the farmers of that county find it difficult to secure their wheat, on account of the scarcity of mowers. Some are offering \$2 25 per day, and can not get supplied at that.

ON Saturday last, J. W. Perry died at the Chicago Alms House of *mania a potu*, at the age of 35 years. Young Perry, only a few years since, had the brightest prospects in life. He was at one time a teller of a bank in Rochester, and afterward clerk in a banking house, but the contraction of drinking habits carried him with railroad speed upon the downward path, until he died a city pauper, as above stated. He leaves two children.

TRUNKMEN's flood took place in Delaware county, N. Y., last Saturday, carrying away bridges, docks, barns, saw mills, etc.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis Republican says that a Utah mail party encountered on their journey "millions of buffalo, blocking up the highway so as to delay the mail, feeding upon the luxuriant grasses of the plains, while deer and antelopes were more numerous than ever seen before."

We have learned, says the London Star, that it is probable the prosecution that hangs over Mr. Allison, will be abandoned. It is clear that the evidence against him would be open to the same grave objections which presented themselves to the jury in the case of Dr. Bernard; but it is also confidently stated that the defence are now in a position to show conclusively that one of the material witnesses in Bernard's case was mistaken as to the facts his evidence was intended to prove.

AN ANKWARD MISTAKE.—We learn that a very ludicrous error was perpetrated at baptism in Georgia a few Sundays ago. Some negroes had determined to be immersed, but preferring another church to the regular one which receives its members through immersion, they applied to a minister of another denomination. The usual crowd of darkies had gathered near the scene, and after the candidates had been duly immersed, the officiating clergyman, who was not posted as to the exact number he was required to immerse, laid hold of the nearest woman to him, and led her down into the water, without resistance or remonstrance, she being so completely nonplussed by the novelty of

her position, as to be unable to speak. She went ashore dripping from head to heels. It seems that the bonnet she wore was a borrowed one, and as soon as the lender found out that it was ruined by being soaked into the water she hunted Sylvia out, and gave her a good thrashing.

THE Society of Friends recently addressed a memorial to the Emperor of the French on the subject of the African slave trade. A deputation of that body went to Paris to present it, but they were not able to obtain a personal interview. The document was left in the hands of Count Walewski.

A great tubular iron bridge is now being constructed at Newcastle, England, and will be completed in about two years, for the Egyptian Railroad, which crosses the Nile about midway between Cairo and Alexandria. The river there is 1,100 feet wide, and a steam ferry boat is now employed to do the business. It does not suit the go-ahead spirit of the Emperor. He was once detained four hours in crossing by an accident to the boat, and he then gave Robert Stevenson orders to build this bridge.

The trial of fourteen persons has commenced in Lyons, on the charge of having been promoters or members of secret societies. One of the accused persons is a priest. The object of more than one of the accused was to establish affiliated societies in the departments. Evidence was given, showing that the attempt of the 14th of January, on the Emperor, was generally known long before it took place.

A London journal says: The American chess champion, Mr. P. Morphy, of New Orleans, has come to London to follow up his challenge to play our English champion, Mr. H. Staunton. Mr. Morphy is a marvel of memory and skill. He will attend the annual meeting of the chess savans in August next, at Birmingham. Mr. Morphy played on Wednesday with some of the members of the St. George's Chess Club, and exhibited wonderful power.

A COMMENTARY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.—On Friday evening, 11th inst., a German boy in Cleveland, nine years old, capsized in a small boat, on the lake; and a large Newfoundland dog, noticing his perilous condition, plunged into the water, seized the boy as he was sinking the last time, and brought him safely to the shore. Having completed his work of mercy, the noble animal shook himself and ran down the street.

ON Sunday before last, a little girl at Rochester, three years of age, wandered away from home, while her parents were at church; she was finally found in the cemetery, three miles from her father's house, lying beside her sister's grave, asleep! There is a lesson in her affection and confidence which older persons might learn with profit.

STRANGE AND REVOLTING CUSTOM.—A recent communication to the Indian office from the Superintendent of Indian affairs at San Francisco, reports a strange but shocking custom that prevails among almost all the Indians of California. That is that of burying alive. When a widow dies and leaves young children, rather than trouble themselves with their support the tribe to which she belonged will bury the orphans alive. The Superintendent states that he will use all his efforts to put an end to the cruel practices, but it has been impossible to prevent it entirely as yet, even on the government reservations.—*National Intelligencer*.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

LIVE BRAVELY.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

Half the world are darkened with crosses.
Whose burthens are weighing them down;
They crouch of their stars and ill-usage,
And grope in the ditch for a crown.
Why talk to the wind of thy fortune,
Or clutch at distinction and gold?
If thou can'st not reach high on the ladder,
Thou can'st steady thy base by thy hold.

For the flower, though hid in the corner,
Will as faultlessly finish its bloom—
Will reach for a sparkle of sunshine
That the clouds have not dared to consume.
And would'st thou be less than a flower,
With thought, and a brain, and a hand?
Why wait for the dribbles of fortune,
When there's something that these may command?

There is food to be won from the furrow,
And forests that wait to be hewn.
There is marble untouched by the chisel!—
Days that break on the forehead of June.
Will re-let the plow run in the furrow—
"Tobaccoed," the bones of a hall?
Nor bid the stones waken from silence—
And fret, as if fretting were all?

Go, learn of the blossom and ant-hill,
There's something thy labor must give.
Light the beacon that pierces the tempest,
Strike the clod from thy footing, and live.
Live—not listless with face in the dress heap,
In the track of the brainless and proud.
Lift the cements away from thy manhood,
Thou'rt robbing the dead of a shroud.

There are words, there are pens to be wielded,
There are thoughts that must die if unsaid;
Wouldst thou smother a pine away from
Or sepulcher dreams that are pine-wood?
No, drag not thy hope to the grave,
Dreams dream from the ashes will rise.
Dreams not down upon earth for its shadow—
There is sunlight for thee in the skies.

NEW METHOD OF EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.—It is the application of the galvanic current, created by a small battery, such as is used for medical purposes—one of the poles being attached to the extracting forceps, and the other held in the hand. A little apparatus is attached by which the operator with his foot causes the current to be closed as he applies the instrument. The electrical current is small in quantity, causing but a slight and not unpleasant sensation when the two poles are held, one in each hand. There is nothing, therefore, at all alarming in the application. When the forceps are placed upon the tooth, the operator treads upon a little spring, which closes the break in the wire, and at the same instant draws the tooth. The effect appears to be simply benumbing to the nerve, the shock being too trifling for the relief to be ascribed to this distracting the attention of the patient. Should it prove what certainly seems probable, it will be

